Shy. I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, thats true, thats very true; go *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazzard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company; therefore forbeare a while;
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not love)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality;
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had been forſworn: Beſhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and divided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine own I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughty times
Puts barres between the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours, (prove it ſo)
Let Fortune go to hell, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To eech it, and to draw it ou
To ſtay you from election.
Baſſ. Let me chuſe,
For as I am, I live upon the ra
Por. Upon the racke *Ba*
What treaſon there is mingl
Baſſ. None but that ugly
Which makes me feare th'in
There may as well be amity
Tween ſnow and fire, as trea
Por. I, but I feare you ſpe
Where men enforced do ſpe
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and
Por. Well then, confeſſe a
Baſſ. Confeſſe and love
Had been the very ſumme o
O happy torment when my
Doth teach me anſwers for
But let me to my fortune an
Por. Away then, I am loc
If you do love me, you will
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand
Let muſicke ſound while he
Then if he looſe he makes a
Fading in muſique. That th
May ſtand more proper, my
And watry death-bed for hi
And what is muſique than?
Even as the flouriſh, when
To a new crowned Monarch
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in
That creep into the dreamin
And ſummon him to marria
With no leſſe preſence, but
Then young *Alcides*, when
The virgine tribute, payed by
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand
The reſt aloofe are the Dard

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